



IDW WORDS

News from the nerve center of IDW Publishing

Comments, questions, suggestions, complaints, gripes, etc. are appreciated. Feel free to send any correspondence to brian@idwpublishing.com or IDWords, 4411 Morena Blvd., Suite 106, San Diego, CA 92117. You can also join in the hullabaloo on our message boards at IDWPublishing.com.

SILENT HILL[®]

DYING INSIDE

This month, IDW lobs some questions at Scott Clencin, writer of the upcoming *Silent Hill: Dying Inside* miniseries.

IDW: Was *Silent Hill: Dying Inside* your first experience in adapting a video game to the comic page?

SC: I have enormous respect for the fact that this has been created for *Silent Hill* and have endeavored to show my respect by retaining some of the key locations from the three games, as well as the sensational visuals, atmosphere, themes, and story-telling style. Players of the game will also find some of their favorite monsters showing up along with many all-new ones. The underlying mythology created in the games is here in the new miniseries, along with all the action and character-based horror a fan of *Silent Hill* (or horror in general, particularly Asian horror films, the works of Clive Barker or Steve Niles, and more) would expect. Strange medical equipment, dead nurses, and nightmares a-plenty can be found here, all with plenty of shotgun blasting fight scenes and characters with deep and abiding terrors with whom we can sympathize as they fight for their lives... and their souls.

IDW: What elements familiar to fans of the *Silent Hill* games can readers expect in this miniseries?

SC: I have enormous respect for the fact that this has been created for *Silent Hill* and have endeavored to show my respect by retaining some of the key locations from the three games, as well as the sensational visuals, atmosphere, themes, and story-telling style. Players of the game will also find some of their favorite monsters showing up along with many all-new ones. The underlying mythology created in the games is here in the new miniseries, along with all the action and character-based horror a fan of *Silent Hill* (or horror in general, particularly Asian horror films, the works of Clive Barker or Steve Niles, and more) would expect. Strange medical equipment, dead nurses, and nightmares a-plenty can be found here, all with plenty of shotgun blasting fight scenes and characters with deep and abiding terrors with whom we can sympathize as they fight for their lives... and their souls.

IDW: Will *Silent Hill: Dying Inside* retell the storylines of one of the existing games, or strike off into new territory?

SC: This is a completely new storyline with all-new characters that uses elements introduced in the games (such as tortured souls confronting their worst nightmares and guilty acts made flesh, the lurking threat of "The Order," etc.). What's amazing about *Silent Hill* is that it presents a world that could have been created for any medium, right out of the gate; it immediately lends itself to films, books, radio dramas, and comics. When I sat down to plot *Dying Inside*, I looked at the five issues as I

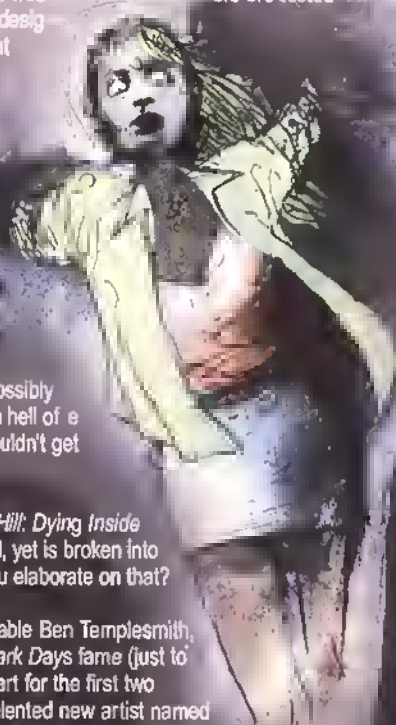
might a... best original story that I could that... myths and history of the games.

IDW: Many fans of Konami's *Silent Hill* seem to think of the town of Silent Hill as almost a character in itself. How did you express that in the miniseries?

SC: I absolutely share that belief with the fans. I learned early on as a writer (beyond my work on *Silent Hill* and *Demon Wars*, I have written over sixty issues of a variety of genres, including horror, and made the *NY Times* bestseller list) that one should always look for ways to place as much stress as possible on your characters. In other words, it is during the most difficult and great emotional adversity that one's true character is revealed. *Silent Hill* is designed to be a place in which the inner strengths or weaknesses of the characters are tested and revealed to the reader, and the town itself is designed as a visual metaphor of that idea. The settings, often reminiscent of America during early and more "innocent" times, when good and evil were seemingly more black and white, really get this across. It's like *Pleasantville* on the outside, and the greatest horrors you can possibly imagine on the inside. It's a hell of a place to visit! Honestly, I couldn't get enough of it.

IDW: The five issue *Silent Hill: Dying Inside* miniseries is interconnected, yet is broken into two mini story arcs. Can you elaborate on that?

SC: We have the incomparable Ben Templesmith, of *30 Days of Night* and *Dark Days* fame (just to name a few) providing the art for the first two issues, then a stunningly talented new artist named Aadi Salman for issues three through five. The challenge was to ensure that readers who were drawn by Ben's presence would feel that they had been told a complete and satisfying tale, and, at the same time, felt intrigued enough to continue on as we started up anew with a second artist. What readers will find is that while issue two has a grand and explosive climax, that ending also serves to set the stage for the next three issues and to raise the stakes and deepen the mystery of the overarching storyline. I'm very proud of how this turned out and can't wait to see it in stores!



JANUARY RELEASES FROM IDW PUBLISHING

30 DAYS OF NIGHT ANNUAL 2004 • THE SHIELD: SPOTLIGHT #1 • GRUMPY OLD MONSTERS #2 • WYNNONNA EARP: HOMB: ON THE STRANGE #2 • WALKER THE DEAD #3 • POPKOT 5 • THE BIBLE: EDEN

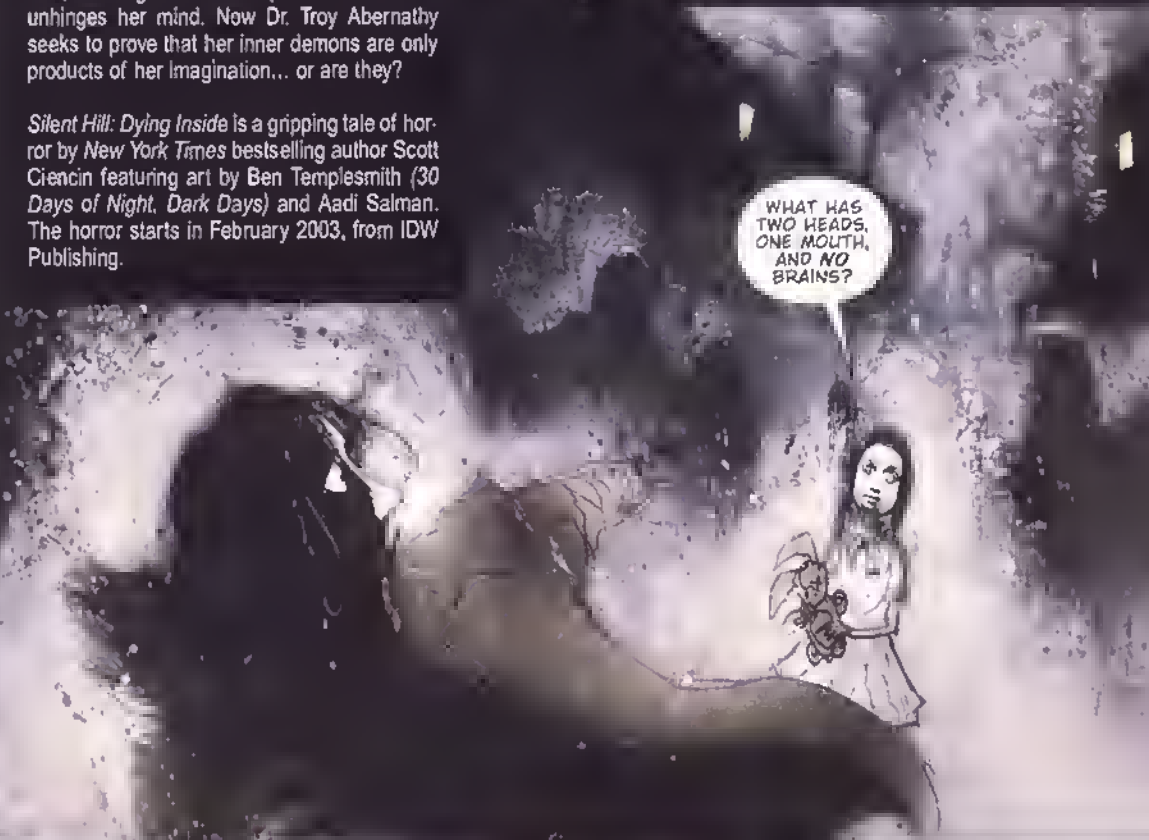


SO LYNN
I'VE GOT
ONE FOR
YA...

A young woman enters Silent Hill to shoot footage for a film, but finds much, much more than she bargained for. Out of the mist comes creatures dredged from the very depths of Hell, sending her into a spiral of terror that unhinges her mind. Now Dr. Troy Abernathy seeks to prove that her inner demons are only products of her imagination... or are they?

SILENT HILL

Silent Hill: Dying Inside is a gripping tale of horror by *New York Times* bestselling author Scott Ciencin featuring art by Ben Templesmith (*30 Days of Night*, *Dark Days*) and Aadi Salman. The horror starts in February 2003, from IDW Publishing.



WHAT HAS
TWO HEADS,
ONE MOUTH,
AND NO
BRAINS?



GIVE
UP?

GODS
WANTS
ALL

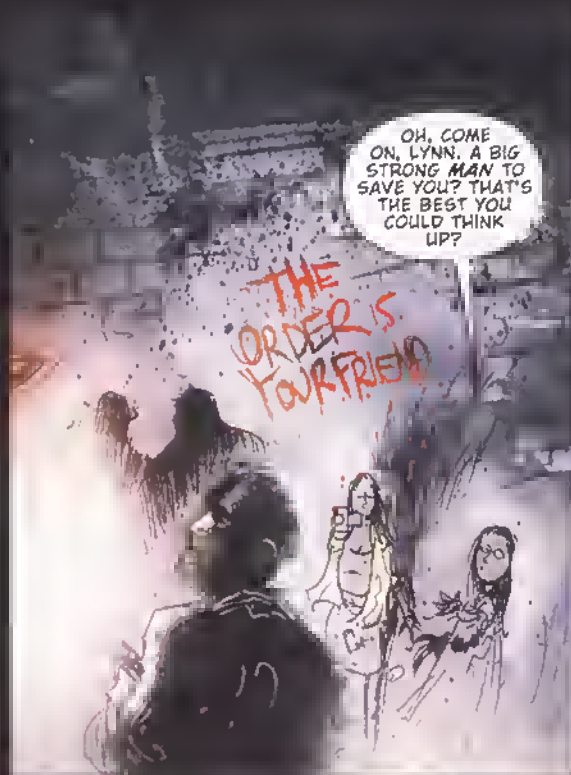
THIS THING
BEHIND ME THAT'S
GONNA RIP YOU TO
PIECES AND EAT
YOUR BLOODY
ENTRAILS.

COME ON. I
THOUGHT THAT
WAS CUTE.

WE'RE ALL
FRIENDS
HERE.

WELL...
MAYBE
NOT.





OH, COME ON, LYNN, A BIG STRONG MAN TO SAVE YOU? THAT'S THE BEST YOU COULD THINK UP?

THE ORDER IS YOUR FRIEND



YOU'RE BEYOND SAVING, YOU'RE JUST TOO STUPID TO KNOW IT.

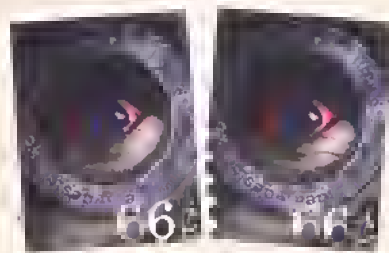
HE'LL COME FOR ME. HE WILL



I KNOW IT...

to be continued in
SILENT HILL #1

Welcome to the first installment in a semi-regular feature that will showcase a long-neglected art form: the short story. From time to time, IDW Publishing will present short works of fiction from some of the greatest talent working today.



To kick us off, we present "Special Delivery" by Scott and Denise Ciencin. Scott is the author of IDW Publishing's upcoming *Silent Hill: Dying Inside* miniseries. He's also a *New York Times* bestselling author of more than 80 novels. His wife, Denise, is a frequent co-author.

SPECIAL DELIVERY

by Scott and
Denise Ciencin

I

My name is Boh. I'm a mailman.

If you live in the city and you've been dealing with demons, dating dark forces, or delving into the Great Mysteries, you might be on my route.

But it's okay; even if you're not, I've got a gift for finding trouble.

I might even find you.

II

It was a quiet morning. I had a special delivery to make.

The brownstone looked like dozens of others on its block. Nice and normal. What was inside wasn't. I didn't have to verify the address. One touch, a simple knock on the door, and I could feel that I was in the right place.

The door opened quickly. A sloppily dressed, wild-eyed bald man glared at me.

"Special delivery, sir."

"I wasn't expecting any—"

I brushed past him, entering the brownstone. The place looked like hell. No big surprise. I saw a television set melted half into the wall. Chairs cemented into the ceiling. Shards of shattered glass from broken mirrors playing tag in a hack room.

A psychic impression of pain, blood, and terror rushed down at me from the upstairs bedroom.

"Listen, this really isn't a good time," the man said.

I reached into my mail bag. "It never is. Not for you guys."

He knew. He must have known. But he moved too slow. The cross of Astragoth was in my hand, its mystic forces swirling, its soul gems fiery and alive.

I raised it up to a figure who wore the clothes of the man who opened the door, but now looked entirely different.

"You!" the thing growled. Its cavernous mouth spread wide, stretching a good two feet across. Its multifaceted eyes sparkled like diamonds. Snakelike tendrils erupted from its sloping reptilian forehead and writhed wildly. Its claws—two foot long talons—sprang at me in a blur.

I had the cross charged and ready. I'd completed all but the final word of the Spell of Separation while I was in my truck.

The demon tried to prevent me from speaking, but it only had time for a single swipe of its talons. I stepped back, out of its reach, and opened my mouth to complete the incantation.

Suddenly, the leg of the couch behind me sprang to life, coiling like a tentacle. It grabbed my leg, yanking me off balance.

I should have seen the secondary attack coming. Maybe if I hadn't been distracted, thinking about the inevitable "surprise" birthday party waiting for me back at the office, the operation would have gone off without a hitch. But the big 5-0 was on me. Precognitive flashes had been bursting like mortar fire in my head all morning. The most depressing had been my locker filled with coffee cups bearing the Angel of Death's likeness and the slogan, "Relax. I'm just here for the cake!"

It doesn't pay to get distracted.

I fell down hard, dropping the cross, and worried about my old hip injury.

God, I'd gotten fat over the years. And slow.

The demon was on me. The tips of his talons scraped the little hairs of my cheeks that I hadn't caught while shaving this morning. I guess he was pissed. Feeling kind of vengeful. Wanting to do the old "slow death" thing, easing his talons through my skull, into my brain, subjecting me to a thousand metaphysical torments in the deepest reaches of my mind before taking my life.

Doofus.

He should have ripped out my throat when he had the chance. My hand closed on the mystical artifact laying on the floor beside me and I said the word.

The cross did its thing.

A shocking torrent of green energy found the demon, hauling it away from me and thrusting it high into the air, smashing it against the stucco ceiling. Golden and crimson bands emanating from the cross dug into it. They sank into its writhing, undulating, unnatural flesh.

For an instant, it seemed as if two figures hung in the air. Double exposure. Both wraithlike. One human, one not.

I called another spell forward. The human dropped to the floor, naked, weak, and dazed. He moaned something I couldn't make out over the demon's bellows and screeches.

"Go on back, now," I said.

With a cry of rage, in an explosion of blinding mystical energies, the demon was exorcised. It burnt its shadow, talons and all, into the ceiling.

I sighed and looked around. The place was still a mess. The table leg that had grabbed me was frozen, no longer under the demon's control. I still couldn't believe I'd fallen for that one. Physical attack front and center, mystical attack from somewhere just out of sight. Rookie bait. And I was no rookie.

On the carpeted floor, the naked man shivered and cried. I got my clipboard out, knelt down beside him.

"Line nineteen, First initial, last name."

With trembling hands, he signed.

I was going to give my standard, "Now let that be a lesson to you," but it rarely is a lesson to these corporate climber types. No, it'd be more the other way around. Word would get around in the Lower Circles that this guy was a loser, that he couldn't handle the weight, and if he tried to call one of them up again, he wouldn't find anyone returning his phone calls.

Good enough.

I glanced at my watch and sighed. This had put me behind schedule. I hated that, but what could I do? Catching this guy at night had proven impossible. I went upstairs, found a trussed-up junior executive type, no doubt someone after the demon-summoner's job, and freed him. He ran screaming and I hit him with a Spell of Forgetting before he hit the stairs. In a few hours, he would come to, wandering around in some relatively safe part of the city, and get on with his life. He was beaten, bruised, cut up a little. In the end, he would write off the experience to either a failed mugging (he still had his wallet) or some equally "everyday" explanation.

I walked back to my truck, got in. A crimson-scaled red nether-creature appeared on my shoulder, his breath stinking of tequila. I ignored the odor as best I could and brushed him off. He landed in the seat beside me.

"Hey, boss," Itchy squeaked. "What's got you all fired up?"

"You're an infernal thing. I'm not your boss, and I have work to do. So make it quick."

"Well," Itchy said, "Since you put it that way..."

"I still have the Spell of Banishment ready, Itchy. I mean it. I'm in no mood."

The little nether-thing crossed his spindly arms over his chest. He wore a Hawaiian shirt, Bermuda shorts, flip-flops, and ray bans. His toenails needed a clipping. Badly.

"Something bad's coming down. Something big."

Perfect. On my birthday, no less. "And?"

"Just thought you'd want to know."

"Okay, now I know," I hesitated. The way I'd been raised, it was polite to say "thank you." But that opened up doors with beings like Itchy that one just didn't want to walk through.

"Hey, Bob, do me a favor," Itchy said, his tone suddenly eager. He stood up on his flip-flops, arms extended wide.

"What?"

"Come on. You know."

I sighed. "I don't say that any more."

"Please?" he whined.

I cleared my throat. "Out, foul hellspawn!"

"Yes!" Itchy cried. "I love that."

"But it's so sixties."

"Classics never go out of style." With that, he disappeared.

He left me with a lot to think about.

THE END